



The drums went trrrrrrr. The bugles shouted. Into the central ring staggered the star of Platt Bros. & DeSalz' Mammoth Combined Circuses—a small brown bear decorously costumed in a pill-box cap and a large red bow. It was Bongo, no less—Bongo the Protean, Terpsichorean, and Histrionic Ursine Marvel of the World—little bear Bongo, walking with a cane and, to the screaming delight of the children, waving a cigar made of the best papier-mâché.

Bongo circled the ring, bowing to the audience till his cap was almost shaken off his broad head. He handed his cigar and stick to an obsequious clown-waiter, in evening dress, and sat at a table. With a fork and a huge knife he ate nothing at all, very neatly, and finished the meal by drinking more nothing out of a tilted bottle. He rode a tricycle, he balanced a large starry ball on his nose, he hunted in his keeper's pockets for sugar, and wound up, with the drums again ruffling, the bugles hysteric, and the children yelping, by angling beside a tub, tumbling in, and crawling out with a huge fish, also papier-mâché, triumphant in his claws.

He marched off then, and the children settled down to the rather dreary finale of the circus—an almost bankrupt circus, threadbare under a patched tent.

Indeed, with the rivalry of the movies, it was the amiable genius of little bear Bongo alone that was keeping Platt Bros. & DeSalz alive.

Bongo, rejoicing now in lettuce and an exquisite loaf

BONGO

of dry bread, in his cage after the limelighted splendor, had been born in the circus. There was some scandal about his father—he was never spoken of in Bongo family circles—and his mother, like himself, remembered only the show. She had been a cub of but six months when she had been captured by furry natives, led by a spectacled German animal-collector from Hamburg, in the sullen forests of Siberia.

To Bongo, the circus was as much the whole of life as is Hester Street to the child fortunate enough to be born among pushcarts. No life was conceivable other than the long drowsy days in winter quarters, broken only by sessions of learning tricks, with the sure award of half a comb of honey; the motion of the circus train, its lulling sway and the clean smell of cinders; the menagerie tent with the exciting, faintly disturbing odors of the lion and the monkeys; and the glory of acting to hysteric applause.

It is doubtful if in his small bearish mind Bongo had ever heard much about Hamlet, but if he had, he could not have conceived that walking around a stage in

BELIEVE IT or NOT, *this Story is by the Man*



by *Sinclair Lewis*

Illustrations by Jose Segrelles

black silk tights, carrying a skull, was half so noble as riding a bright red velocipede, ever so gay and fine, one paw on the bar and the other poking nonchalantly at his pill-box cap. It was a many-colored life, but secure. Providence—acting through his keeper, Mr. J. Henry Trotter—unfailingly lavished bright fresh straw, dry bread and ears of corn, and each year a new scarlet pill-box cap with a fresh elastic to go under Bongo's chin.

It is doubtful, too, if Bongo realized that somewhere in the world were little bears who had no keepers to fetch them peanuts. Indeed, Bongo did not know that there were any other bears. He was four, now; his brothers had died at birth, his mother when he was a year old, and there were no bears besides himself in the mangy menagerie of Platt Bros. & DeSalz.

He was his own Hamlet in a Denmark inhabited entirely by worshipping human subjects—he thought. But this is a moral tale, with a message, and Bongo was to learn sad, long sorrows.

The circus had started out late in May, this year, and

played seven towns before it reached Colorado. At midnight the circus train was climbing the edge of a high canyon. It was June by the calendar, but here, nine thousand feet above sea level, a smear of snow hung like torn wool on the mountainside, and a breath of winter crept into the cages on the flat cars, wilting all their tropic exuberance.

The leopards moaned in a gold-and-crimson den, the lone elephant rubbed the sides of his box car with quaking shoulders, and alone in the shivering darkness, little bear Bongo squatted on his heels and pawed unhappily at his nose.

He wore his pill-box cap and his handsome red bow tie—his keeper had been comfortably drunk, last evening, and had forgotten to take them off—but even a cap and a red tie are not protection against acid cold for a bear who has been enervated by sleeping on the richest straw.

The train seemed to be dropping downhill now; it rolled like a ship; the trucks muttered, "Hit it up, hit it up, hit it up." But so accustomed a traveler as Bongo was not nervous; he was more pestered by the cold. He scabbled straw over himself feebly and rolled into a ball in the corner.

Then it happened. A crash. His car leaping into the air and turning over. Bongo thrown into the air and

who wrote "MAIN STREET" and "BABBITT"

slammed down. Quaking, he heard men bellowing, the lion thundering, the hyena shrieking, and swiftly the night was torn by flames. His cage was upside down; he stood on the ceiling of it, only a little bruised, and was cloudily aware that there was a way out from this horror—the door of his cage had been wrenched open.

He lumbered out, grotesquely galloping. His hind legs seemed to cross his front ones as he fled. The glare from the burning train showed a way through the sharp fractured stones up the mountainside, and Bongo followed it, mindless with terror.

He passed out of the lather of light. His eyes, unaccustomed to night in the wilderness, could still pick out better than man's a way through the scattered boulders. He felt for a path, padding with sensitive paws; came sharp up against a cliff, turned, got confused, turned and turned again—and at dawn, little bear Bongo was curled in an elbow of rock, shivering and completely lost.

He looked out on a natural upland clearing, bordered with fir, and was uneasy at the stillness, the thin air without one good wholesome trace of camel-smell or peanuts in it. He got up, shaking his coat till the frost flew from the agitated hairs, and feebly circled toward the center of the clearing. He'd had enough of this dismaying business of breadless freedom. He had an indistinct bearish urge to get back to the circus, but he had no notion which way to turn.

He rolled through the clearing, sniffing hungrily, humping up his back, his wide stern swaying. Suddenly he sat down with a "Whumph!" of surprise. He had seen the most astonishing thing of his life—more amazing than the train wreck. Out of the fir thicket came a creature strangely like himself, with an absurd miniature of itself rollicking alongside.

It was a she-bear and her cub, but Bongo did not know. His knowledge of cities and men, of pop and pink popcorn, his civilized taste in starry gilt balls to balance and vintage lettuce to chew, did not include any information about bears. Only by instinct and memory did he realize that here were beings related to himself, strange lovely creatures whom he wanted to know better.

The she-bear—a foot taller than little bear Bongo and twice as shaggy, a black bear of the Rockies, rival to the grizzly—squat and growled. The cub squatted and whimpered. Bongo was inspired. He lumbered up. He scooped up a chunk of rotten log, he balanced it on his nose, and, with the dancing step that had never failed to win an audience, he capered affectionately toward his own kind, airily waving a histrionic paw.

The old bear squealed, slapped its cub, and the two of them dashed into the forest, the muscles of their

shoulders rolling under thick hides as they fled. Bongo stood gasping, his paw foolishly raised. It was the first time an audience had ever walked out on him. The chunk of wood slid from his nose, and he dropped to all fours, his head moving slowly from side to side in bewilderment.

He was again homesick for the circus train.

He tried to head for it. He realized that in the darkness he had come uphill all the way; that he must climb down. Trotting to the edge of the upland clearing where he had awakened he found a slope and followed it; struck a long rocky decline and scrambled down it, wincing and grunting as the rocks clipped his urbane feet.

It was downward, right enough. But it happened that he was descending the side of the ridge opposite the canyon where the train lay smoldering. He dropped through rocks and thin shelters of fir into thick spruce, and after two panting hours of stumbling forward, reached a valley where a stream ran among larches, cottonwoods and weedy bogs. He had come to spring again—and incidentally to a land where, save for the wrecking crew now busy on the track across the ridge, ten miles away, there was no human being (with comforting loaves of dry bread in his pocket) within seventy miles.

He lapped and lapped at a cold pug-hole of water, and stood weaving, furious with hunger. He had noticed queer, smooth, long-legged green things that had popped into the water at his approach—animals, presumably, but stranger to him than the yak. One of them had come to the surface—two bulging little eyes and a flat head.

Bongo stared. Bongo the friendly, Bongo the pet, trembled with unuttered savage growling and, faster than it ever had moved before, his thick foreleg scooped at the water, caught up the frog, and he crunched it with swift fangs.

Delicious!

For an hour, the circus train forgotten, Bongo hunted frogs. He began to feel more at home in the valley. His eyes grew wise in hunting. He saw and swiped at a field mouse, missed it, sat stolid by the little highway of the mice, and agreeably snapped up the next one. He investigated an ant hill, and though he did it amateurishly and got well bitten about the nostrils, he licked up a few thousand ants as dessert and felt well pleased with himself.

It was warm down here, in the coaxing spring sunshine and, curled in a thicket, Bongo slept till he was recovered from the shock and cold of the night before. He awoke toward dusk and vaguely headed in the direction where he still believed he might find the circus train. But he was confused when the valley began to slope up again, and he paced back and forth on a knoll as in a cage.

Now in the clay farther side of that valley, there were half a dozen caves, and all of them were intermittently occupied by the most settled and respectable families of American black bears. The bear is an individualist, tolerant of his fellows but a lone hunter, and Bongo had drifted into what came as near to being an ursine village as anything could. He did not know it, yet. He was sickeningly lonely, and as the moon came up, with its full unearthly light, he was frightened.

No more than any other city brat did Bongo know the panic moonlight of the country. Daylight he had seen on parades, but at night he had been shut in a cage or in his winter pen. This ghost of light, in which the spruce were dead stone, the grass was phosphorescent, and the clay banks rising above the knoll shone with malignancy, drained from Bongo the last of his Rotarian vigor.

He growled feebly, and turning round and round like a corkscrew, burrowed for himself a nest of leaves. He crouched in it, his piggy little eyes watching with alarm the night, which should have softened down into darkness, grow pallid in the bewitched false light as the moon sailed into open sky. He (Continued on page 135)

*You can now add
to your favorite
Animal Stories
this one about the
Trick Circus Bear
that went Native*



Bongo by Sinclair Lewis (Continued from page 44)

was conscious of spectral wails circling him, nearer and nearer.

They were coyotes, but Bongo knew nothing of coyotes. He was used enough to animals howling in the menagerie, but this was different—a menacing, hunting cry, and it made him huddle into himself as though he were huddling beside the mother he had forgotten.

Between coyote yelps, in the moon-smitten silence, Bongo was aware of movements near him, of cautious shufflings, of a woolly smell that excited him.

He peered. He crawled out of his nest. He padded through the spruce that ringed his knoll—and on a rough clay terrace, in front of the swart mouths of many caves, he saw a dozen black bears, old and young, prowling in the moonlight, the cubs tumbling one another while their parents mumbled at old bones and scratched themselves in a relaxed, shirt-sleeved, after-the-day's-work, neighborhood way. They kept in family groups, not too close to one another, but they made up a rough community of his own people, and Bongo's friendly heart yearned toward them.

So, in the moonlight, on grass prickly with pine needles in an amphitheater below the Shelf of Caves, little bear Bongo coaxed them by putting on the greatest performance of his life, while the older bears stared down at him, and the cubs stopped playing and shrank to frightened stillness.

His pill-box cap and his red tie were awry but brave. He rose to his hind legs, poked at the cap, and began to dance, paddling at them with beseeching front paws and kicking as high as he could. He picked up a twig for cigar and skittishly paraded before them, smoking it.

After the first shock they had crawled down nearer to him, one by one.

Entranced, he worked the harder. He squatted beside a rock which (he hoped they would see it) represented his dining table of the circus, and with languid elegance he drank nothing out of a glass which also was artistically represented by nothing. Then, in a passion of art and friendliness, he stood up on his front paws and, his plump stern wagging with the effort, walked back and forth for them, back and forth, with a perfection that no bear acrobat has ever equaled.

He was shocked and terrified by a blow on his elevated hind legs, and dropped to earth to see an enormous black he-bear, eighteen inches taller than himself, reared over him, growling, while from the close-circled audience came low beary sounds that in humans would have been contemptuous titters. He trembled up. The black giant cuffed him, with one sweeping slap tore the pill-box cap from his head, grunted, and lumbered away to his cave, followed by his tribe, and little bear Bongo stood alone in his deserted circus.

He whined, shaking his head, and half an hour afterward he crept into an untenanted cave—and it was the smallest cave, and damp, and at the humble suburban end of the clay shelf.

Week after week, the older bears growled at him to keep away, and the cubs ran and hid from him, and by night it was damp in his cave. He learned to hunt for himself—not frogs and mice only, but grubs in logs, rabbits, berries and, learning by watching the others from a distance, the hives of wild bees.

He never dared to try his art on them again but he never could give up trying

to be social. When he found his first honey, he sidled up to his closest neighbor with some of it smeared on his paw. She was a small bear and scrawny, but even she mauled him—after licking the honey. He tried to play with the cubs and got whopped away by their elders.

He was, in a word, to the smallest common ursine sense, absolutely crazy.

Who ever heard of a bear that wore a red tie and danced in the moonlight? Who ever heard of a bear so idiotic that he thought he could get away with pretending that he liked to share his food? Who ever heard of a bear playing with other people's cubs, unless he had some foul design on them?

Who ever heard of a bear that was brown, anyway?

The most thumping proof of Bongo's mania was that when he was slapped, he didn't slap back. While the rest of Bongo's unheard-of follies might have been mere publicity-seeking and meanness, this social refusal to duel like a sportsbear and a gentlebear showed him to be a dangerous revolutionary as well as a maniac.

By late summer they no longer dreaded Bongo but merely despised him, and in the evening, at their pleasant cave-mouths, the cubs would sing after him as he slunk home:

Bongo is crazy—crazy—crazy!
He's loco, duck-foot, lean and lazy!
He's drunk on honey; he's wolfish drunk;

He can't snare foxes or kill a skunk,
Or find the log with the juicy grubs
And *Shame on You* cry the Flaming Cubs,

Woof, woof, woof!

The stars are fleas in the night's black fur,
And when they come out to bother her,
And bad coyotes that eat small cubs
Come paddlety-paddlety through the shrubs,
They'll howl for Bongo and drag him back

To his own unbearably and crazy pack,
Woof, woof, woof!

And meantime Bongo had fallen in love! She was a lovely thing, three years and a half old this summer, in the bloom of innocent maidenhood—Miss Silver Ear, with teeth splendid as steel. She was a flirtatious girl, and every day she shocked the solid bears of the village by parading along the clay shelf, wiggling herself in no very nice manner. But to Bongo, his ideals formed by leopards and ladies riding bareback, she was elegance itself. He loped after her, timorously, one day, and tried to rub noses.

Probably it was only with a winning flirtatiousness that she slapped his nose; she had a right to expect to be slapped back, probably bitten, and so to begin a reasonable affair. But when Bongo shrank and whined, she knocked him over. After that, she knocked him over every time she saw him.

Their snickering at Bongo's other eccentricities was nothing compared with their contempt when day after day they saw him slinking after Silver Ear and being clawed.

His spirit was almost broken.

He became afraid even of other animals, even of the mean coyotes, and when he made a kill, these forest hoodlums sneaked closer to him than they would ever have to a self-respecting bear. They scented his fear. They laughed at him—bears only chuckle, but coyotes shriek with laughter.

He killed a rabbit, one morning, down among the cottonwoods on Mormon Run, and as he crouched to eat it, he was conscious of leering wolfish faces edging toward him through the trees—four coyotes, like gunmen surrounding a solid citizen. He looked at them mildly, and crunched the rabbit.

He dropped the hind quarters, and suddenly they were snatched up from his very feet by a flashing wolf. He did not so much as grunt. There was more than enough meat for him.

The coyotes squatted and considered. Here, obviously, was a bear either very sick or loco. And, like four projectiles, they shot at his head.

And out of the forests of Kamchatka came the memory of Bongo's ancestors that had fought the saber-toothed tiger.

He waved at them clumsily, turned quickly, got his back against a tree, and as they soared at him again, he squatted, and batted them down as casually as a sleepy man would bat flies. One of them caught its fangs in Bongo's left front paw and with sudden appalling speed Bongo clasped it to him in that bear hug which is not a hug at all, but a tearing of the enemy's chest with claws like a steel rake. From neck to belly he ripped it, and as the coyote went limp in his arms, he bit into its hot neck, growled furiously, and lumbered at the other three, which fled, yelping.

The lettuce-bred Bongo devoured most of that coyote.

He swaggered back to the Shelf of Caves. Miss Silver Ear was in front of her maidenly home, chewing a bone.

As he came up to her, she reared up with a threatening paw. Bongo straightway smote her on the side of the head, so that she was almost knocked over, then straightened her up with a sock on the other side, snarled at her, and paraded back to his cave, to sleep off his sanguinary jag for seven hours.

He did not know it, but all that time Silver Ear curled before his cave in an ecstasy of love for him.

When he came out, at evening, for a drink—he had a terrible head and a slight shame—she followed him, and the village marveled. For a moment, he might have become a real bear, as good as any other beary bear on Cave Street, and the elders of the village watched him with approval. But he did not realize it. He grunted affably at Silver Ear instead of lamming her again, as she fondly hoped, and he was lost to the decent opinion of the village forever.

AND he kept on courting her by trying to be gentle!

She permitted him about, in the hope that he would again be the honest and considerate young suitor he had for a moment shown himself, and in his delight he tried the more to please her.

He had no memory, whatever of being drunk and slapping her.

He looked for the present which amorous bears bring to their beloved—information about a place to kill. He wandered farther from home than any of the other bears, and on a three-day hike from the village, he came on the cabin of a settler, who had arrived in the valley after Bongo himself.

Bongo smelled Man, and Man meant loaves of dried bread.

He galloped up to the cabin, and was met with a blast from a shotgun which scorched his back. He went away with speed, remembering that there were mean men as well as blessed beings.

He was angry. He wriggled about the place by evening, and discovered a pig in a pen of unbarked logs. Now why bears should consider pig the greatest of luxuries, we cannot say, but it is a fact, and this discovery Bongo bore to Silver Ear.

He found her with one Lump Jaw, a surly oversized young he-bear whom she had always fancied and Bongo always hated. It was half an hour before Bongo was able to get her aside and tell her of his exquisite find.

She humped away with him. Lump Jaw stopped her, but she came on after Bongo, and his heart was proud . . . He was going to be a bearly bear. With a bearly mate.

He thought, once or twice, on that flight back to the settler's precious pig, that he saw Lump Jaw sneaking back of them, but he was not sure.

When it was dusk again, while Silver Ear kept watch outside, Bongo crawled under the bars of the pigpen.

He slid as on grease to the hovel in the corner of the pen where the pig lay dreaming. Bongo snatched up that pig, gave it the lethal hug before it could let out one squeal, and dragged it out, under the fence, to his dear Silver Ear.

They were bending over it together when—thunderclap out of moony sky—Bongo was staggered and deafened by a clout on his ear, and felt down his nose claws of fire. As he cowered and peered up, he saw Lump Jaw, and he crouched, sore and afraid.

Lump Jaw, with no further attention to him, snatched up a leg of the pig in his huge fangs, and dragged it off—and Silver Ear trotted off beside him, happily, with a grunt that was more giggling than a giggle.

It was a week before Bongo slunk back to the Shelf of Caves and to his outcast shame.

He would not have gone at all, but he knew no other home now, and it was coming cold. The streams froze at night; there were few frogs, few mice, only rabbits to be stalked in the brush, and dry untasteful roots to be grubbed from the brittle earth.

He was puzzled by the disappearance family by family of his fellow citizens. He, the gay dog of winter quarters—he still had round his neck a gray rag which might once have been a red tie of much *chic*—knew nothing about hibernation; knew only that Silver Ear and Lump Jaw and the other grandees were no more to be seen. It made the hunting better, this lack of competition, and made him the lonelier.

On the day of the first snow, he felt incomprehensibly sleepy. He scratched leaves and pine boughs into his cave, in

a drowse, made of them a nest in the farthest corner, fell into a great sleep—and awoke four months later, after a four-month-long dream about Silver Ear.

He found a world of streams and vanishing snow patches edged with dirt-covered filigree of ice. It was an early and exuberant spring; otherwise, little bear Bongo would probably never have come out of his cave again.

He was thin as a rat. Trembling with weakness, he set about the dreary business of snapping up frogs, minnows, mice—he who should just now have been starting out in a scarlet-and-golden cage, with banners and the tumult of puffing bands, to greet his Public.

The other bears came out, after him, scrawny, very irritable, and finally there came out, together, Silver Ear and Lump Jaw. They were the most snappish and intolerant of all, and they were followed by four cubs, and Silver Ear flew at him, a mangy demon, when he so much as glanced at her young.

That day even the innocent Bongo, that Jolly Bachelor Uncle among bears, knew that he wasn't wanted.

He drifted away from the Shelf of Caves. He followed Mormon Run down the valley to warmer layers of air, warmer pools where he could scoop up trout with a flicker of his paw. He was not very clear about it all, but he was relieved at being free of the thrall of passion for that Troy's Helen among bears, the lovely Silver Ear . . .

Bears have advantages. Except for two bones, a pile of leaves, and what might have been the crushed and soggy remains of a red pill-box cap, he was leaving behind him no baggage for which he would have to send . . .

He must have wandered more than a hundred miles, sometimes cold and starving; once, after encountering the cabin of a settler ambitious to keep bees, very drunk with honey and bee-stings.

Ranges and valleys he crossed, and then, one afternoon, little bear Bongo stood on a tremendous cliff looking down on a plain checkered with alfalfa and orchards and sugar beets, with the roofs and white sides of cottages making a bright and enticing town among them. He listened, startled. He heard a familiar "Oom-pah, oom-pah, oom-pah, oom-pah"—a circus band!—and made out the long gray-yellow tent, with a sun-ray on the Babylonian magnificence of the ticket wagon.

With no second's hesitation, Bongo humped down a cliff path that was no path at all. He rolled over rock walls like a porcupine. He skidded down water channels. He bumped his stern on rolling rocks with only the mildest "Woof!" of reproof to the rocks for biting him.

The citizenry of the town of Conquistadore were appalled to see a bear galloping down Main Street. Before anyone could hustle in for a gun and get him, the bear had reached the circus grounds. There were few people outside the tent, for the afternoon show was on; those few scattered, bellowing.

A clever canvasman ran for a pitchfork, but Bongo stayed not to be pitchforked. He dashed through the main entrance of the tent, upsetting the ticket taker, overthrowing the ticket box; through the menagerie tent, where leopards yammered at him; into the main tent and the ring—while five thousand people, as one, rose in horror at this escaped beast of ferocity.

The ringmaster ran toward him, and the ringmaster had a revolver. Before he drew, Bongo rose on his hind legs and advanced mincingly, kicking high, one paw affectedly in air, and dropped to all fours before his sovereign lord.

"Well, I'll be—!" reflected the ringmaster.

He never got any farther.

The head animal-keeper was there now, with rope, prong, and shotgun.

"Seems like a trained bear. Escaped somewheres," he said profoundly.

He roped Bongo, who followed meekly into the menagerie, while the five thousand settled down with a universal sigh.

In the menagerie tent, the keeper tossed to Bongo a huge starry ball. Bongo balanced it on his nose, and paraded with it—a little clumsy now, but the professional, the real thing, come back to his own.

"You'll do!" exulted the keeper. "I don't know where you come from, but never ask the Lord embarrassing questions when he gives you a straight flush or a prescription or a performing bear."

He handed Bongo a loaf—a delicious, an epicurean loaf of dried bread, and as Bongo gulped it his heart sang and his mind got to work in a slow, bearish fashion on improvements in ball-balancing . . . Why not on one ear?

The keeper led him to a large cage, a very superior cage—incredibly luxurious to one who had been cursed with greasy caves. He half entered, and stopped, his heart rapid.

In a corner of the cage, alone, staring at him with startled rapture, was a young lady bear, a real, reasonable, brown Siberian bear.

Bongo edged toward her. They rubbed noses and curled up side by side. He gently swatted her—ever so gently—it would not more than have killed Jack Dempsey. She tapped him back, lovingly, and so he came from the burdens of freedom and the horrors of Nature to the happy civilization of his cage.

On the Bounding Red Ink (Continued from page 53)

one, that we should be sorry for. For her days are a solitude and her nights are endured in the company of a comparative stranger who comes home to change his trousers, bringing with him a perfumery like that of a vintage finnan haddie, and either falls asleep on the sofa from total exhaustion or recites to her through the dragging and weary eventide hours the saga of his nautical performances. For boredom, a golf widow has little if anything on her.

I move that next we take up the case of him who has advanced, step by step, as it were, from humble beginnings as a yachtsman to proud eminence in the profession. Personally, I am able to review the triumphant upward progress of a characteristic example.

When first he crossed my horizon—

which was years and years ago on an inland river down in Kentucky—he owned one of those early-model motor boats of the William Jennings Bryan type. In fact, some of us took to calling her the W. J. B.—she made so much noise in a race but never finished better than second.

There was a theory that the engine of this old-school motor boat could be started by wrapping a piece of rope around the flywheel and then giving the same a sharp, jerky turn. It was only a theory. Often you gave her two or three hundred spins before she even acknowledged your presence by sniffing in a contemptuous manner.

Thus encouraged, you kept on winding and jerking and then, after a while, sometimes she began to cough and snit

blood and a hectic flush would come and go in her cheek, and sometimes she just continued to remain in a profound coma. As a last resort you hauled off with a monkey wrench or an ax or something and hit her a wallop in her more intimate vital organs, and either she started up, snorting and weeping, and sobbed her way clear out to midstream before she broke down and began drifting, or else she stayed dead and stark right where she was.

This craft was equipped with a hunting cabin, which was the right name for it, because whenever the skipper required something—a pair of boots or a baling bucket or a piece of cotton waste to wipe her nose with—it was incumbent upon his guests to come forth bent double, to avoid knocking their heads